

Naughty Magic

Chapter 1

Written by Princess Kay

Warning: *This is erotica, meant only for those 18 or older. Only those who have reached the age of consent in the country where they reside should proceed. If you are not at least eighteen, please exit this page immediately.*

A young woman stood at the center of an empty street, her pink skirt fluttering in the wind, revealing glimpses of bare skin above her white thigh highs. A pink wand sat in her hand, the crystal star attached to it pulsing with a soft white light. She was Magical Girl Bright Star, one of the many young women across the world who had bonded with a Magical Crystal, in return for the power to stand against the forces of destruction.

While other girls her age were attending college, or experiencing the ‘joys’ of starting a career, she was staring down a member of those very ‘forces’ she had sworn to fight. Its slime-based form resembled that of a woman’s, from the waist up. A slender purple torso, with a slim waist and gentle curves, slender arms, delicate fingers, and a surprisingly well defined face. The protrusion of its chest could even be interpreted as a pair of tightly clothed breasts.

No matter how pleasing its aesthetics might be from a distance, though, it was still undeniably a monstrosity. Even ignoring its coloration - and the fact that it was easily five times its magical opponent's size - there was the “foot” of slime that trailed behind it, a goo-based muscle that pushed the creature down the street, towards her. A street it was *consuming*, dissolving the asphalt it passed over.

“Your reign of terror ends here, Violet Ooze!” Bright Star cried out, her will unwavering as she held her wand out toward the behemoth. The tip of the outstretched star began to glow, and a growl slipped from the purple behemoth’s lips. The star’s light grew brighter, one corner after another flaring to life. The ooze began to pick up speed, stretching its arm out toward the blonde. Bright Star held her wand in place, even as the initially vast distance between the two figures rapidly shrank. Sweat was beading across the magical girl’s brow as she pushed more and more of her magic into her wand, brightening the last of her star’s corners, before finally igniting the center.

“Bright Beam!”

The ooze roared in pain as a ray of white light instantaneously bridged the gap between wand and monster. The slime it struck directly was instantly eradicated, while the surrounding fluid began to boil from what must have been an incredible heat. Its viscous form trembled, as the light faded, leaving a gaping wound in its chest. Yet, even with a hole punched through it, the creature did not fall.

That was not to say the spell had been wasted, though - the ooze had gone stock still, even its outstretched arms frozen in place, as it fought to keep its body from collapsing. With its structural integrity so weakened, one good hit would easily end it.

But Bright Star's wand had gone dim.

"...I don't think I've got the magic for another shot, Chrys," she whispered, biting her lip. "Not at this range, anyway."

"Don't worry!" a high pitched voice replied, as a shining pink crystal popped into existence above the magical girl's head, twinkling and twirling about.

"At times like this, you just need to get up close and personal! Remember that spell I taught you?"

"It takes too long to cast! The Ooze will have time to heal itself, if I wait for it to take effect." Bright Star's eyes were locked on the Ooze, concern written on her face as violet liquid began dripping from its fingertips. The drops of slime squirmed about as they struck the ground, each globule consuming small bits of the surrounding asphalt and concrete, before making their way back toward the main body, working their way up the form and towards the hole Bright Star had burned

through its center. The Ooze was gathering sustenance from the city, and the wound she'd dealt it was slowly healing even as she watched.

Bright Star closed her eyes, and sighed. When she opened them a moment later, her gaze was filled with determination as she held her wand aloft. "But I guess that means I don't have any time to waste!"

"Bright Flight, activate!" This time, her wand's star lit up all at once, motes of light spewing forth from its tip. The radiant specks grew in length and width alike, taking the form of pure white feathers before curving about to latch onto her back.

The magical girl was already in motion by the time the first quill connected. The spell was still streaming from her wand, even as her feet pounded against the asphalt, her arms pumping as she rushed towards her enemy, with a trail of plumage chasing after her.

Bright Star wasn't the only one picking up the pace, though. The Violet Ooze's wound had recovered enough for it to move, now, allowing it to consume even more materials as it shoved its way down the road, healing itself as it went. The upraised arm that had previously been frozen stiff now rose further, its hand

collapsing into a shapeless blob, before twisting about to form a star, as its arm became more slender, rounding out and taking the shape of a rod. In an obvious mockery of Bright Star's earlier spell, violet droplets exploded out from the star's tip, flying high into the sky before arcing down, curving unnaturally through the air to strike down toward the approaching magical girl.

At Bright Star's current pace, she'd be lucky to make it halfway to the creature before the slimy 'spell' hit. But other than a brief glance upwards, the magical girl paid the looming threat no mind. She just kept running forward, two large white tufts growing from shoulder blades, the last of the conjured feathers closing in from behind.

The wound, meanwhile, continued closing. The creature's healing had slowed with the "casting" of its "spell," as resources were diverted to producing and firing the droplets, but its ability to consume the street as it moved made up most of the difference. Where once there had been a pit large enough for an adult to walk through, now there was a small hole, barely bigger than a basketball. In a few more seconds, the wound would disappear. To make things worse, the purple spray the monster had almost reached its target. The first droplets were already

striking the ground behind Bright Star, while their still airborne brethren were adjusting the angle of their descent mid-flight, to better compensate for her speed. A single hit was all it would take - the slime would sap her energy, causing her to falter, making her an easy target for the rest of it to swarm her. She'd need to dodge hundreds of droplets if she wanted any chance to succeed.

The ooze smirked, its human-like features expressing recognizable emotion for the first time. A burbling laugh poured out from it, announcing to the world that it thought victory was within its grasp.

Bright Star smiled in turn. The closest droplet was maybe half an inch above her head when the last of the plumage found its place on her back. A quarter inch, when the feathered bundles expanded, forming a pair of white wings, all but touching her when those wings flared out - and nowhere near her, by the time her new appendages completed their first beat. Or maybe it would be better to say that *she* was nowhere near *them*, as her body flew forward in a blur of white light.

The ooze roared, first in confusion at Bright Star's disappearance, then in pain, when she came to a stop - her wand's star wedged into its wound, even as it sealed itself around the shaft.

“Star Light, Star Bright!”

Once again, the wand’s star ignited, and once again the ooze’s flesh began to boil in response. This time, however, there was no sound. Instead, there was an explosion of light. When it faded, the violet ooze had disappeared. What’s more, the damage to her surroundings had been repaired and the cityscape was practically sparkling, as if someone had polished every surface in sight.

It was an utterly unrealistic sight. An incredibly inaccurate representation of reality. I knew that - but it didn’t keep me from grinning at my computer screen as Bright Star announced that the threat had been dealt with, to the cheers of a population we’d seen no sign of prior. I honestly think there’s something to be said for cartoons like that, though - ones where the hero beats the villain and everything is immediately put right.

Real life magical girl battles were *way* messier, though. Sure, the slime would disappear, but the damage definitely *didn’t*. And the fights weren’t nearly as exciting - violet oozes were dumb as bricks. They didn’t try to buy time for regeneration, or use any sort of special moves, and they definitely never laughed. In fact, they didn’t make any noise at all. Mostly they just wandered through the

city, eating their surroundings, before mindlessly attacking whatever magical girls showed up to put them down.

Of course, I loved watching the real thing, too, but that was more for the magical girls themselves. There was just something about strong, confident women with magically enforced bodies and enough power to bench press cars that really set my pulse racing. And I guess it didn't hurt that they were pretty much universally good looking.

Speaking of, I was pretty impressed with how well Brilliant Magic had captured Bright Star's aesthetic. I couldn't wait to see how they'd handle the rest of her squad - especially Nova's flaming curls. Assuming they could get her to give permission, at least. She was notoriously picky about what she'd sign off on. I wondered if that ever caused friction between her and her squad mates? It was definitely impacting their marketability.

Well, it wasn't like speculating was going to do me much good. The episode was over, either way, and I had other things to focus on. Stuff like studying for my midterms, finishing the spreadsheets for my accounting assignment, or maybe even locking in my choices for a major and minor, so I could make sure to sign up for

the right classes. Preferably within the next day or two, so that I could avoid another awkward Sunday night conversation with my parents about my ‘unhealthy obsession’ with magical girls.

... Though, on the other hand, it *was* Friday night. Wasn’t that meant to be a relaxing time for college students? And what better way to relax than to catch up on the latest episode of Moonlit Battles? Not to mention the new Magical Promise movie, which had *finally* hit streaming, a few nights back. And wasn’t there a new magical girl documentary? Hidden Heroes, or something like that? I was pretty sure the reboot of Magic Crystal Comics was slated for release, soon, too. How could I possibly focus on schoolwork, when I hadn’t even checked to see if it was available for pre-order yet?

What’s that? Maybe my parent’s worries *weren’t* entirely irrational? Well, I guess I *was* a little bit obsessed - but I didn’t think it could be called unhealthy. I just really admired Earth’s magical protectors. They were all so strong, and confident. Willing and able to fight for humanity’s future. Completely committed to the paths they’d chosen. Utterly unlike me, who couldn’t even figure out what I wanted to do with my life.

My parents always said college was the best place to figure that sort of thing out, but it wasn't exactly a secret that they wanted me to join my father's accounting firm. They'd told me I could choose a different major, if I could find a career I was passionate about. I'd also need to convince them I could make a living at it, but that wasn't much of a stumbling block. I was pretty sure they'd be accepting of just about anything, if only I could clear the first hurdle - but two and a half years in, I still hadn't found a single subject I could really get into. Every class - every *lesson* - was just varying levels of Nope. And it was the same thing when I thought about all the potential careers they could lead to. The closest thing I'd ever had to a dream job was being a hero - and I don't mean a job where I saved people for a living. I mean a *superhero*. A magical girl.

Which wasn't to say that I actually wanted to be a girl, or anything! But how else was I supposed to get powers? It wasn't like I could get bitten by a radioactive insect and suddenly start sticking to walls, or something. Bonding with a Magic Crystal was the only way forward - which meant there *wasn't* a way forward. Even ignoring the obvious gender issue, I doubted there was anything special enough

about me to catch a Crystal's eye. Me losing the genetic coin flip was just the last nail in that dream's coffin.

So yeah. My dream was impossible, any way you sliced it. But life moved on, right? If my dream job was out of reach, then I just needed to find something else to devote my life to. It didn't have to be a perfect fit. It didn't even have to be a great one. It just had to be something stable, that wouldn't consign me to an eternity of numbers and spreadsheets.

I'd figure something out. *After* an episode of Moonlit Battles. Which I should probably wait to watch until after I'd at least started dinner. I hadn't noticed, between the cartoon watching and the introspecting, but it was already half past seven and I hadn't even eaten lunch.

Maybe that was why my stomach was hurting? I hoped so - it would suck if it was something more serious - but bodily signals weren't exactly my forte. I mean, I didn't even notice the pain until I started thinking about dinner! And I still wasn't sure if it was hunger pangs, or a stomach ache, or even that twisted gut feeling I got when I was feeling guilty about disappointing everyone in my life.

Guuuurgle

...Okay, so it was probably hunger. I was pretty sure that's what "guurgle" meant, in stomach talk, anyway. Probably. And it wasn't like I could go without eating, anyway, right? So a trip to the refrigerator was due either way.

A quick push against the desk set my chair rolling backwards, giving me enough room to stand and head towards the fridge. And more importantly the freezer, which had all my microwavable meals in it. Or, well, my *one* microwaveable meal in it, since it had been forever since I went grocery shopping, and I was running perilously low on tv dinners. I was basically down to, like, a single burrito, but it was enough to last me until Saturday!

...Or it would have been, if it hadn't been replaced by a pink slip of paper with "IOU" written in my bestie's dainty handwriting.

Never should have given Clarrissa a key.

Well, whatever. I'd just have to try and cook with whatever I had in the fridge! I mean, I wasn't exactly the world's best cook, but I was sure I could whip up *something* with... An almost empty bottle of rootbeer, a gallon of milk that was about two weeks past its expiration date, and... Ooh, cheese! *Moldy* cheese. Or maybe more like 'mold with a little bit of cheese'...

Okay. What about the pantry? I had to have options in the pantry, right? I mean, maybe not *good* options, but options! Like.... Spaghetti! I had noodles! Oh, but no sauce.... Tuna? Except I didn't have any mayo, so no. Saltine crackers? But, like, half a sleeve, and nothing to put them on or in...

Wait! Hadn't I seen a cup of ramen, earlier? Not at the top shelf... Or the- ah! *Under* the bottom shelf! Yes! I had.... Shrimp noodles? Right... I'd picked that up by accident a few weeks ago...

Well, it *had* been a while since I'd gone shopping. My trike's basket was sorta... dissolved... in one of the recent violet showers, and it was kinda hard to find the motivation to go shopping when I'd only be able to bring back whatever I can hang off my handlebars. I'd probably have to bite the bullet soon, and beg my parents for enough cash to get a new one.

For now, though, I needed to pick between cycling three miles (each way) on an empty stomach, or manning up and eating that shrimp ramen...

Maybe I could just pick something up from the corner mart? Yeah. That sounded like a plan. I just had to grab my keys and phone - and double check that my wallet was still in my back pocket - and I was off towards the front door.

At least it was nice outside - warm, despite the hour, with a gentle breeze. The streets were kinda empty, though. Like, *completely* empty - not a cyclist in sight. There *were* a couple pedestrians, at least, but they were practically running down the street, glancing at the skies every few seconds like they were expecting non-existent clouds to start drowning them in... Rain.

Shit.

I snatched up my phone, and unlocked it with a quick swipe of my fingers, then tapped on the purple raindrop on my home screen. The front page of the Goo Report told me everything I needed to know - violet mist had been spotted in the atmosphere. Even worse, it had started to swirl around the neighborhood. There wasn't a timeline on condensation, yet, but that didn't mean much. Once it started, it wouldn't take more than a few minutes for Violet Ooze to start raining down.

Of course, it could just as easily be hours before we saw anything. And the rain could cover anything from a few square feet to a city block, so there was guarantee I'd be caught in it... So maybe I could just go shopping, anyway? It wasn't like the ooze was *directly* harmful to non-magical girl humans, after all.

Store wise, the Super Save was probably already shut down for the day, but (lucky for me) the local corner store didn't really *do* closing hours. Smaller buildings are easier to protect, after all. Hell, some of them operate as shelters! For customers only, mind you, but... Well, I was planning to buy something anyway, right?

My clothes were rain-safe, too - no metal or synthetics. Except for my socks, maybe? I had a few cheaper pairs, and it was kinda hard to tell what I'd grabbed without taking my shoes off. But they were covered by my pants either way, so they *should* be safe...

Besides, what was the worst that could happen? The rain would fall, a goo (or three, or ten, or a hundred) would form, some of the less-protected buildings would get dissolved, and maybe collapse...

Okay, so that last one wasn't *great*, but the convenience store had never fallen to a rain as of yet! And maybe I'd even get the chance to see a magical girl fight up close and personal! Or nothing would happen at all, and I'd get to eat a frozen burrito, like I'd originally planned. Win-win!

Though, if I absolutely had to pick, I'd definitely go with getting to see a magical girl...